

ESSAY ON EDUCATION

Father Gives Son Good Advice on Education.

SOME YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCE

A Scientific Discussion on the Early Training of Boys from a Business Standpoint With Reminiscences of Early Days at Sunday School.

Astoria, April 1.

In discussing this important subject you can read between the lines what I have had practical experience in the subject matter. We don't send the boys and girls of Astoria to the high school or college to learn to shoot craps or shake dice, but to get an education. We want you to get a little of the education that is about the only thing that is lying around loose in this world, and that is about the only thing that a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screw driver is lost. I am anxious that you should be a good scholar—like me, but I am more anxious that you should be a good, clean man. And if you graduate with a sound conscience, I shan't care so much if there are a few holes in your Latin. There are two parts to a college education—the part you get in the school room from the teachers and the part you get outside from the boys. That's the really important part, for the first can only make you a scholar, while the second can make you a man.

Education is a good deal like eating—a fellow can't always tell which particular thing did him the most good, but he can usually tell which one did him harm. After a square meal of roast beef and vegetables and mince pie and watermelon, you can't just say which ingredient is going into muscle, but you don't have to be very bright to figure out which one started the demand for pain-killer in your insides or to guess the next morning which one made you believe in a personal devil the night before. And so while a fellow can't figure out to an ounce whether it's Latin or algebra or history or what among the solids that is building him up in this place or that, he can go right along feeding them in and betting that they're not the things that turn his tongue fuzzy.

Does a college education pay? Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at 5 cents a pound at the hopper and draw out nice, cunning little "country" sausages at 20 cents a pound at the other end? Does it pay to take a steer that's been running from Seaside to Skippanon, and living on Canada Thistles and petrified wood till he's just a bunch of barbed wire and sole leather and feed him corn 'till he's just a solid hunk of porterhouse steak and ole oil? You bet it pays! Anything extra that trains a boy to think and to think quick pays. Schools don't make fools. It develops them. It don't make bright men. It develops them. A fool will be a fool whether he goes to school or not through he'll probably turn out a different sort of a fool.

Of course all this is going to take so much time and thought that you won't have a very wide margin left for golf—especially in the afternoons. Golf is a nice foolish game and there ain't any harm in it so far as I know except for the balls—the stiff balls at the beginning, the lost balls in the middle and the high balls at the end of the game. Of course a boy should have a certain amount of play, just as a boy is entitled to a piece of pie at the end of his dinner, but he don't want to make a meal of it. Anyone who lets sinkers take the place of bread and meat gets bilious pretty young, and those fellows who haven't any job, except to blow the old man's dollars in, are a good deal like the little niggers in the pie eating contests at the country fair—they've plenty of pastry and they are attracting a heap of attention, but they've got a stomach ache coming to them bye and bye.

I never see one of these ignorant, smart alecks swelling around with their petty larceny pride, that I don't think of a little experience of mine when I was a boy. An old fellow caught me lifting a water melon in his patch one afternoon, and instead of cuffing me and letting me go, as I had expected, if I got caught, he led me home by the ear to my ma and told her what I had been up to. Ma had been raised on the old-fashioned plan, and she had never heard of these new fangled theories of reasoning gently with a child till its under lip begins to stick out and its eyes fill with tears as it sees the error of its ways. She fetched the tears all right, but she did it with a trunk strap or a slipper, and ma was a pretty substantial woman. Nothing of the tootsy-wootsy about her foot and nothing of the airy-fairy trifle about her slipper. When she was

through I knew I had been licked—polished right off to a point, and then she sent me to my room and told me not to poke my nose out of it till I could recite the ten commandments and the Sunday school lesson by heart.

There was a whole chapter of it and an Old Testament chapter, too, but I laid right into it because I knew ma, and supper was only two hours off. I can repeat that chapter still, forward and backward and without missing a word or stopping to catch my breath.

Every now and then old Doc Hoover used to come into the Sunday school room and scare the scholars into fits by going from class to class and asking questions. The next Sunday, for the first time, I was glad to see him happen in and I didn't try to escape his attention. For ten minutes I had been busting for him to ask me to recite a verse of the lesson, and when he did I simply cut loose and recited the whole chapter and threw in the ten commandments for good measure. It sort of dazed Doc, because he had come to me for information about the Old Testament before, and we never got much beyond, "And Ahab begat Jahab," or words to that effect.

I then looked and saw ma who had come in.

"Tell 'em son, how you happend to learn that."

I learned to hate notoriety right then and there, but I knew there was no switching her off to the weather when she wanted to talk religion, so I shut my eyes and let it come.

"Hooked a water melon, mam."

There wasn't any need for further particulars with that crowd, and they simply howled. Ma led me up to our pew, allowing that she'd tend to me Monday for disgracing her in public.

That was a twelve grain dose without any sugar coat, but it sweat more cant and false pride out of my system than Dick Davis' Russian baths. I learned right there how to be humble, and that is more than I learned at any school.

WOMEN IN BARROOMS.

If the Police Don't Enforce the Law the Sheriff Ought To.

There is an ordinance on the book of Astoria that is openly violated every day. If the police refuse to perform their sworn duty, the sheriff ought to be called upon to assist in enforcing city ordinances. The ordinance is as follows:

Ordinance No. 2066, Section 1.—That no woman shall be allowed to remain in, loiter about, or solicit drinks in any barroom, drink shop, club or gambling room of any saloon in the city of Astoria.

Sec. 2.—Any woman violating any of the provisions of this ordinance or found in or about any barroom, club or gambling house, or who shall solicit any person to drink in such saloon, barroom, gambling or club room, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than \$5 nor more than \$50, or by imprisonment in the city jail not less than two nor more than 12 days.

This ordinance is violated by a number of saloons in Swilltown. The matter will be more fully discussed in the near future and a demand made either to stop the nefarious practice, or close the saloons.

Society News.

Mrs. Chas. W. Holmes, society editor of the Astorian has been confined to her home this week on account of eye troubles.

Mrs. Gus Holmes entertained the members of the Upper Astoria sewing society at her residence Thursday.

W. T. Millis and Paul B. Brain spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith.

Miss Sadie Crang entertained the Thursday Afternoon Club this week at the residence of Mrs. George H. George.

Mrs. P. J. Brix entertained the ladies of the Methodist church and their friends at her home Tuesday, in honor of the baby's first birthday.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Occident.
V. S. Rowley, Seattle.
C. E. Palmer, Portland.
N. Mezer, San Francisco.
L. B. Coyces, Portland.
H. Harris, San Francisco.
H. T. Findley, Portland.

Burglarized.

Two stores were burglarized early yesterday morning, evidently by young boys. The cigar store of Thos. Peterson was broken into and three boxes of cigars taken. It is evident that the young man has been patronizing home industry, as all the cigars taken were manufactured by J. V. Burns, showing the thief's good judgment of a cigar. The store of Chas. Hellborn & Son was broken into, but nothing was taken. There is no clue to the burglars, although the police are working on the case. In both cases entrance was effected by breaking a pane of glass.

Nice, Large Queen Olives 25c per pint at
FOARD & STOKES CO.

ON EARLY HISTORY

A Few Corrective Facts and Reminiscence of Astoria.

LOCATION OF FORT GEORGE

The Present Jail Was Designed by an Episcopal Minister Instead of a Cambelite, Which Accounts for the Antipathy to Religious Revivals.

Astoria, March 31.

Editor Morning Astorian:

In the Astorian of the 30th inst. are some statements of early history which perhaps need a little explanation.

The first church spoken of was built on lot 12, block 115, on the northwest corner of Franklin avenue by James Welch and John Shiveley in 1855.

The town site from Thirteenth to First street and north of Franklin avenue was laid out by John McClure, uncle of the father of our citizen, Paul Badloet. Afterward Cyrus Olney, who was one of the territorial judges of Oregon, laid off the land between Franklin avenue and the summit of the hill and called it Olney's extension to McClure's Astoria.

John McClure, not Cyrus Olney, gave to the county the court house site, also 50 lots additional in consideration of the court house being located in this part of the town. This was in the year 1854, and the construction of the court house was begun that summer, many years before Judge Bowley came to this part of the country.

In 1867 he disposed of the lots by lottery, \$50 per chance. The Kirchoff house on Twelfth street being the prize. Chas. Binder drew the prize number. Olney was sued in the United States district court, M. P. Dedy, judge, for \$100 under the internal revenue laws. The court held him liable.

The present county jail was designed by the Episcopal pastor instead of a Cambelite.

The site of Fort George of Astoria, is as you say, difficult to locate exactly. A picture of the fort, as it was in 1813 can be seen in the histories of Gray and also of Lyman. The fort was built beside a ravine. Behind it stood a very large tree called LeRoy de Pin. About 1832 the tree fell and in 1841 Lieutenant Wikes says the tomb of the Chinook chief, Concomley, was near the prostrate tree. One writer says that D. McTavish was buried behind the northeast bastion of the fort. From the location of the McTavish tombstone in late years it is concluded that McTavish was buried just in the rear of the city hall. In front of the fort was a kitchen garden while a few hundred yards to the left was a wharf where vessels could tie at low water. Where is the site.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY.

TRY HOEFLER'S

You Should Dine Comfortably and Well On This Day of Rest

Here you may enjoy a special Sunday Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. Of course you have heard of the place, but you never had the opportunity before to dine at Hoefler's. The grill and restaurant is a new feature of this popular resort. A good feature, too, heartily appreciated by regular patrons who desire the best there is. But ye who are weary of the anxiety due to the preparation of a Sunday dinner, you certainly would prefer to invite yourself and your friends to this repast, served tonight from 5 to 8 p. m. at Hoefler's at 543 Commercial street, where pleasant surroundings, excellent cuisine, efficient service, and the best to drink serve to make your dinner a complete success. Why not try it for a change and give your cook a rest?

Marine News.

The schooner G. W. Watson, with a cargo of lumber for California, arrived down the river yesterday morning and was towed to sea.

The steamship Arabia left out for the Orient yesterday morning with a full cargo of general merchandise.

The American ship St. Nicholas, which is to go north this year for the Columbia River Packers' Association

There is no other such dealing in

as Schilling's Best; no other such goods; the goods account for the dealing.

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to its Nushigak, Bristol bay, cannery with supplies, will begin to load on Monday. It has not yet been announced whether she will be loaded by the crew or the longshoremen's union.

The steam schooner Aurella is due today from San Francisco, and the steam schooner Nome City is due from the same place on Monday morning.

CONSUMPTION

Mainly Caused by Chronic Colds and Hanging-on Coughs.

Mr. Chas. Rogers has given a good deal of time to the study of consumption, and finds that comparatively few cases are hereditary.

Mostly all are caused by neglected coughs and colds, which gradually weaken the whole pulmonary system, and before people realize it there is a diseased spot in one lung; spitting blood soon follows and eventually a collapse.

Such an unnecessary end, such a pity, for all could have been so different. We know of hundreds of cases where our wonderful cod liver oil preparation, Vinol, has saved a young and valuable life, which without it would have been sacrificed. We have letters from people who were given up to die and who positively state that Vinol, and Vinol alone, saved their lives when all else had failed to help them.

Vinol is able to cure hanging-on colds and stubborn coughs, because it is the most perfect preparation of cod liver oil ever compounded; it contains no oil or grease to upset the delicate stomach, yet it does contain every one of the 50 odd medicinal curative elements actually taken from fresh cods' livers, and we freely and publicly state that we will supply all the Vinol we think necessary to cure any case of chronic coughs, hanging-on colds or weak and debilitated conditions of Astoria people, and pay for the medicine ourselves if it fails to give satisfactory results.

How can we express our faith in Vinol more emphatically? Chas. Rogers, Druggist.

Summer Terrors

Acne, Tetter, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Nettle Rash

An itching, burning skin disease during the hot, sultry summer weather, is a positive terror and a veritable demon of discomfort. The intolerable itching and stinging are tantalizing almost beyond endurance, and the unsightly eruption and rough, red skin keep one thoroughly uncomfortable and miserable night and day. Eczema, Tetter, and diseases of this type are caused by acid poisons in the blood, which the heat of summer seems to warm into life and renewed activity. These fiery acids keep the blood in a riotous and sour condition, and the skin unhealthy and feverish—they inflame the pores and retard perspiration, when the whole body feels like an over-heated furnace, and the escaping poison burns

and blisters like liquid fire.

TO THE SKIN DISEASE SUFFERER, summer time brings no joy, but is a season of unrest, sleepless nights and incessant pain, resulting in shattered nerves, physical exhaustion and general derangement of all the vital forces. Scratching is a pleasant recreation to one tormented and almost distracted by an aggravating itching skin eruption. Some find temporary relief in bathing and the application of lotions and salves. A few hours respite is gained by such methods, but nothing applied externally can alter the condition of the blood

or check the outflow of the burning fluids through the skin. Only persistent and faithful constitutional treatment can do this. The acid poison in the blood, which is the real cause of the eruption, must be attacked, and when the blood has been cleared of all accumulated impurities and restored to a healthy condition, then, and only then, will a thorough and lasting cure be effected, and for the accomplishment of all this, no remedy equals S. S. S., which contains all requirements for cleansing and building up the acid blood, and invigorating and toning up the system. S. S. S. completely and permanently eradicates every vestige of poison, thus effectually preventing a fresh outbreak of the disease.

Cases that have resisted ordinary treatment for years, yield to the purifying, cooling effects of S. S. S. upon the blood, and when rich, pure blood is again circulating through the system, the itching and stinging cease, the eruption disappears, and the red, rough skin becomes soft and smooth again.

Skin diseases appear in various forms—sometimes in pustules or blisters, sores, rashes, or red, disfiguring bumps and pimples—but all are caused by a bad condition of the blood, and for which S. S. S. is a safe and effectual cure. No bad effects can come from its use, because it contains no Arsenic, Potash or other harmful

drugs, but is guaranteed a strictly vegetable remedy.

If you are a sufferer from some summer terror like Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Nettle Rash or kindred disease, write us about it, and medical advice or any special information wanted will be given without charge.

Our Book on Skin Diseases will be sent free to all desiring it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR SIRS—My body broke out with a rash or eruption. The itching, especially at night, was simply terrible; it would almost disappear at times, only to return worse than ever. I had tried many preparations with no benefit, and hearing of S. S. S. determined to give it a fair trial; a few bottles cured me entirely, removing every blemish and pimple from my body. L. MARNON.

BAD FORM OF TETTER. For three years I had Tetter on my hands, which caused them to swell to twice their natural size. Part of the time the disease was in the form of running sores, very painful, and causing me much discomfort. Four doctors said the Tetter had progressed too far to be cured, and they could do nothing for me. I took only three bottles of S. S. S. and was completely cured. This was fifteen years ago, and I have never since seen any sign of my old trouble. Mrs. L. B. JACKSON, 837 St. Paul St., Kansas City, Kan.

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